



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



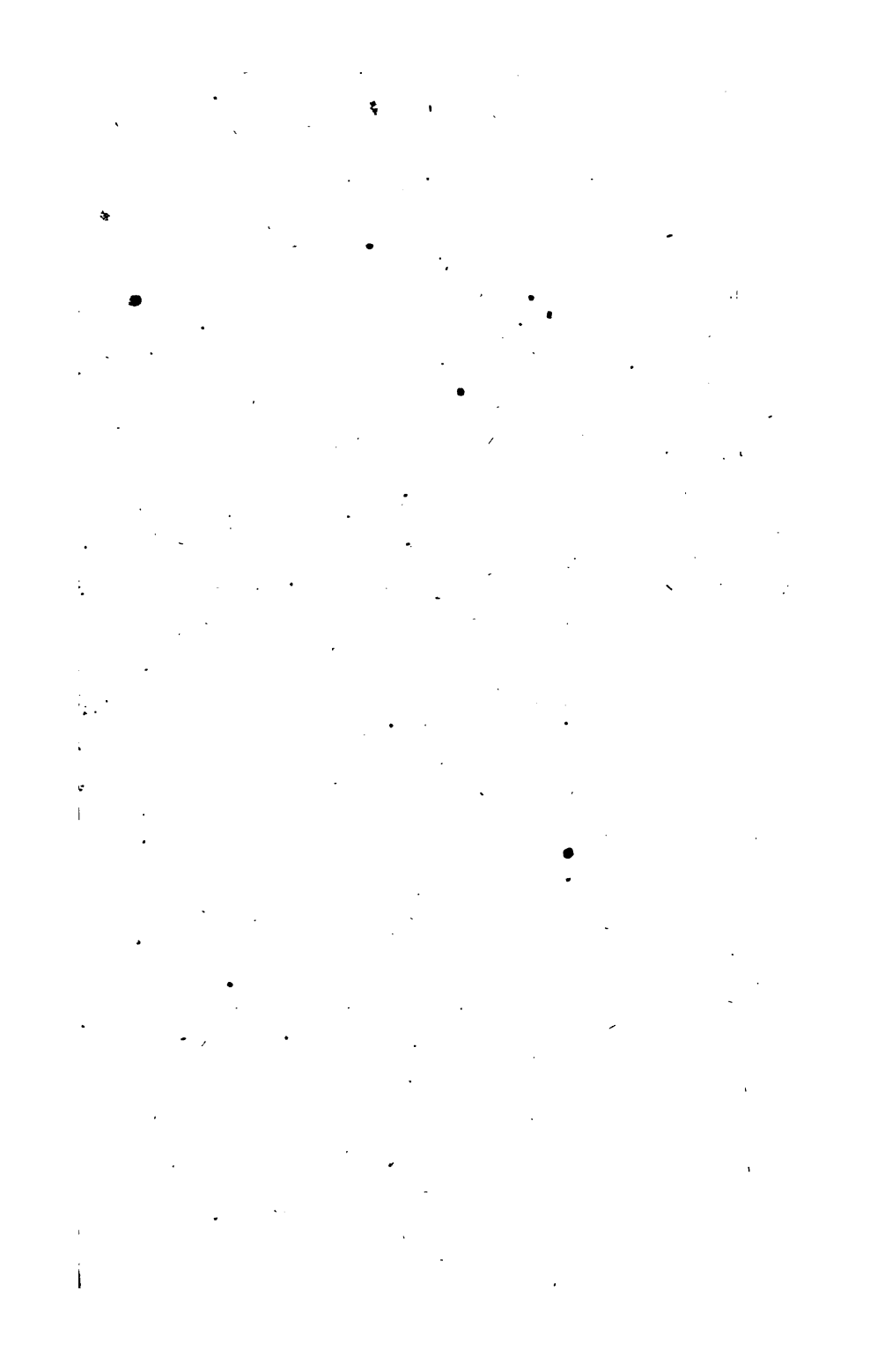


00080267T

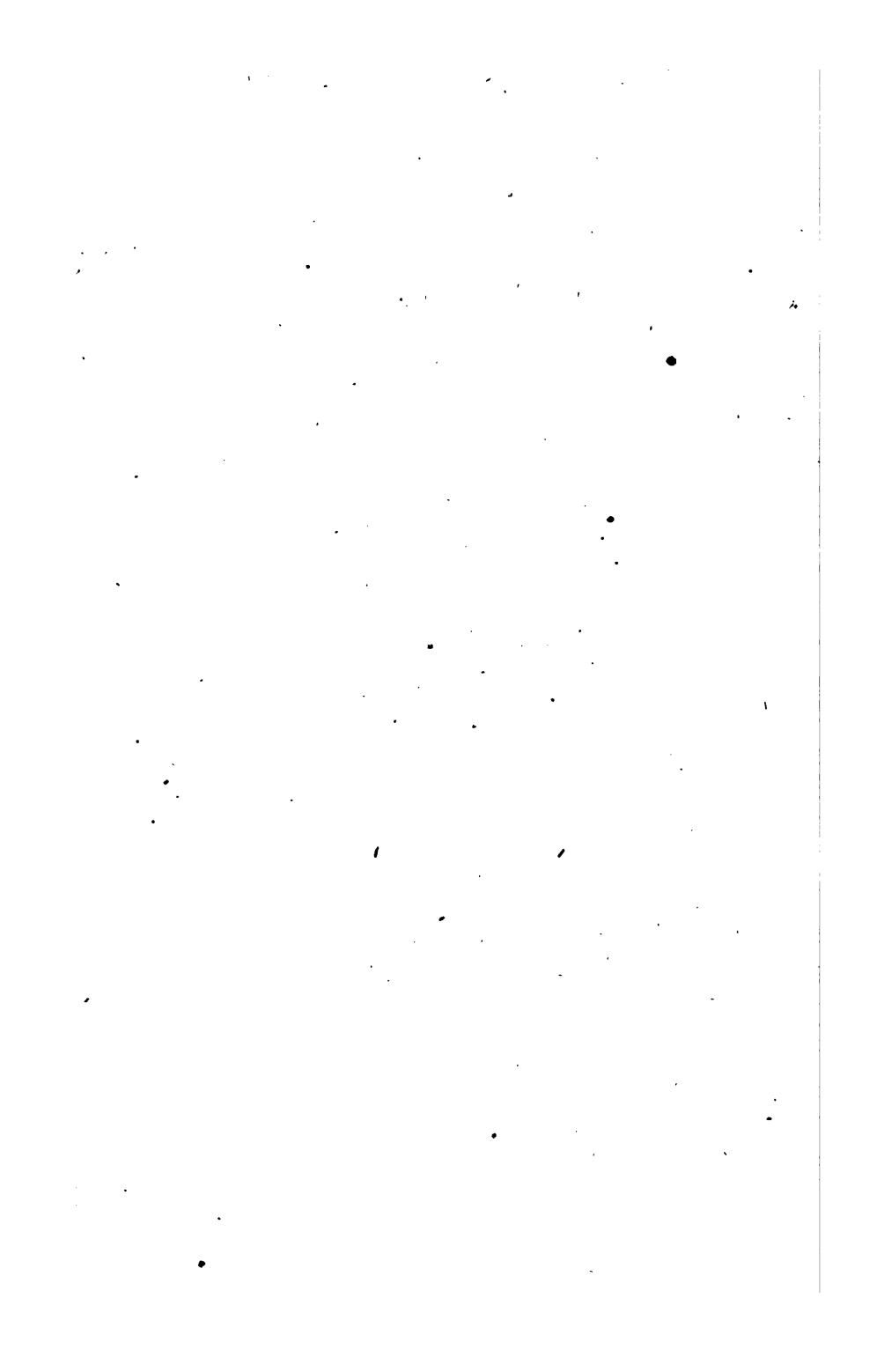
6

U





AN
APPENDIX
TO
POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS;
• *&c.*



AN
APPENDIX
TO
POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS;
• *&c.*

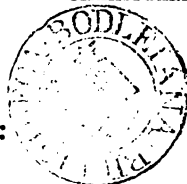
AN
APPENDIX
TO
POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS;
BEING A CONTINUATION OF
THE SYLVA.

BY EDWARD, LORD THURLOW.

——— and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;

SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON:



PRINTED BY WILLIAM BULMER AND CO.
Shakspeare Press,
FOR MESSRS. WHITE, COCHRANE, AND CO.
FLEET-STREET.

1813.

280. j . 828.

AN

APPENDIX, &c.

1—63.

ALTHEA.

1.

SINCE fairest Eve first walk'd in Paradise,
Her fairest daughter is ALTHEA now :
The burning Indies cannot yield a price,
Which equal to her beauty we allow.

2.

Take all the stars of thrice-angelick light,
That sparkle on the forehead of the Morn,
And all, that burn upon the zone of Night,
And more than these the World she doth adorn.

B

3.

She is the Moon, unfaulted in delight,
The golden Sun, that doth inform the day :
We live but in her sphere of beauty bright,
And perish, as her presence fades away.

4.

So find I, and with inward thoughts perceive,
The souls of men are in like bondage bound :
Then why should I with lonely sorrow grieve,
Since the same fate is universal found ?

5.

But in the holding of this peerless wealth,
I must possess unshar'd propriety :
Nor can it be my soul can be in health,
If others for ALTHEA burn, and die.

6.

Poor wretches ! I my veto interpose
Between their sorrow and their doubting souls :
I envy them the tenure of their woes,
And part them, like the ever-distant poles.

7.

O violent delight of erring thought !

What mortal hand can stay the falling flood ?

Yet is so well the dream of fancy wrought,

My thoughts on this, as on a rock, have stood.

8.

It cannot be, but we must love her so,

As men th' unbarred portals of the Morn,

Whence life and light upon the World doth flow,

And glory doth the boundless hills adorn.

9.

But what shall be the measure of our love,

Must still be weigh'd in our capacity :

Diana in the woods not fair would prove,

If in a blemish'd fountain she should spy.

10.

My bosom is a glass, a fountain pure,

In which ALTHEA's beauty may be seen :

Clear, perfect, so well imagin'd, as may lure

The gazing world to fall from Beauty's Queen.

11.

And as I saw her on this blissful day,
She shall endure to all eternity ;
As fair, as are the golden buds of May,
And laughing, like divine felicity.

12.

Her silken ringlets, to the wind expos'd,
Inflam'd the air with joyance and delight ;
And ere upon my view the window clos'd,
My soul had fled through my impassion'd sight.

13.

Like Spring she look'd, when, with a tender glance,
She gazes from the windows of the sky :
I knew not, if to fly, or to advance,
For, flying or advancing still I die.

14.

O fear, and awe, my cruel foes, away !
You keep me from the bosom of my love ;
You keep me from the splendour of the day ;
And make me the sad night of sorrow prove.

15.

Then imag'd I in thought her lovely mind,
O Angel! in domestic rites employ'd :
For virtue, and discretion, thrice-refin'd,
Have made her life of all omission void.

16.

What language of the boundless World can tell
The sweet delights of her true piety ?
How truth has had such force all ills to quell,
That she is crowned with divinity ?

17.

If rightly we could see, but we are blind,
Both by our folly, and her beauty's beams,
A thousand Angels, to her care assign'd,
We should perceive, that with their golden gleams

18.

Have fill'd the air, and made her dwelling shine,
As the sweet courts of immortality !
O Angel of all love, and thrice-divine,
I perish with too much felicity !

19.

Delight is a disease: O cruel death,
Of poison of sweet balsams to expire!
To die amid' the Summer's balmy breath,
And feel the pangs of the angelick fire!

20.

But dying in your eyes is sweetest life!
ALTHEA, let my life be closed here!
Now, while your image in my mind is rife,
And I may to your tender soul be dear.

21.

For am I not your slave, your dearest slave,
Whom often with a lovely eye you view,
For whom much pity and concern you have,
But will not yet confess my state you rue?

22.

Alas! ALTHEA, if my state you knew,
Your pity would be herald to your love;
For noble spirits, in gradation true,
Th' ascent of fine imagination prove.

23.

And love to them is natural, as light
Is to the star, that is in Morning set,
Or liberty unto the falcon's flight,
Or odour to the scented violet.

24.

Whereas the lesser spirits, in despair
Of virtue, and the empyreal height,
Find heirship in the grosser fields of care,
And pleasure in the murky caves of night.

25.

There dwell they, and with baleful musick strive
To fling a poison on the essenc'd Morn:
But, lost in woe, not living, but alive,
Soft pity shall bereave them of their scorn.

26.

For that pure soul, that in Olympus reigns,
(Be pardon, if with faulted words I speak,)
With tender ear still listens to their plains,
And with a gentle hand uplifts the weak.

27.

The crystal gates of clear felicity
Are never clos'd throughout the night or day ;
But still the Angels into darkness fly,
To help them, who to baleful grief are prey.

28.

So beautiful is mercy in delight !
To Angels it's peculiar service giv'n,
It beams throughout the crystal fields of light,
And warbles in the melting songs of Heav'n !

29.

Whenever on your balmy face I look,
This lesson, by an Angel's pencil drawn,
I finely read, as in a sacred book,
From which all errour is by love withdrawn.

30.

There all the fairest sweets of Paradise
Are mingled, with a due delight in each ;
There all immortal, and most pure device,
Which Poets in their golden volumes teach.

31.

The map of the whole world, of endless thought;
And of the charter of the land and seas,
Is there in most unblamed colours wrought,
And framed with divine delight to please.

32.

The golden May was never half so sweet,
Th' o'er-swelling Summer ne'er so rich in love :
Our thoughts, as to a point, in wonder meet,
And, where the fond adore, the wise approve.

33.

And Wisdom would adore, if Wisdom dwelt
With golden locks, and an unfurrow'd cheek,
But that more doubtful impulse scarce is felt,
Till with a feeble voice our thoughts we speak.

34.

Yet, weighing in his fix'd and steadfast mind
The soft delights of his fore-passed days,
He calmly thinks, a beauty so refin'd
Ne'er ask'd the homage of his youthful praise.

43.

Though one from Jove, and one from Venus came,
Yet had they slept in undistinguish'd Night,
But that th' approach of that diviner flame
Exalted them above the marble light.

44.

For, as the odour of each scented tree
Is by the flame extracted from the wood,
So what is proper in felicity
Unto the soul, by love is understood.

45.

The sleeping virtue then appears in light,
And all the air is filled with it's praise :
Then am I so inflam'd ; your beauty bright,
ALTHEA, is the herald to my days

46.

Of triumph, of delight, of endless joy,
Of all the voice of the immortal fame :
I doubt not I shall live, without alloy,
Like Cæsar's, or like Alexander's name.

47.

They reigned o'er the rivers; and the seas,
And o'er the mountains and the vales had away;
But we shall far surmount them in degrees,
And hold it by a finer rule than they.

48.

In sweet opinion, and eternal thought,
Our sceptre shall be held in perfect love;
Our name shall be with matchless glory fraught,
As thou all other women art above.

49.

As well in beauty, as in purity,
In face, in form, in the eternal mind;
An image of the pure divinity,
From error, and the faulty sex refin'd.

50.

For as the Moon is with dark spots distain'd,
As weeds will in the purest fountains grow,
As finest jewels are too often stain'd
With blemishes, and yet, like Phœbus, glow:

51.

So Women, who are coronets of love,
With which the head of this fair world is crown'd,
Too often their imperfect nature prove,
And in their lesser faults their worth is drown'd.

52.

But thou art a pure crown of endless price,
Of majesty, and of divinest awe :
So Eve was, ere to Satan's sad device
She yielded, and so fell from perfect law.

53.

And yet, perhaps, as shadows to the light,
Or thorny stem to the thrice-balmy rose,
Some imperfection may, for more delight,
Between ALTHEA's beauty interpose.

54.

For earthly eyes cannot sustain the Sun,
Or mortal flesh the winged flame endure,
Our frailer sense may finely be undone
By essence, which in Nature's use would cure.

55.

Then, if some imperfection there should be,
But if there be, 'tis to my sight unknown,
'Tis wisely done, lest mere felicity
With a too fatal peril should be known.

56.

Alas! what peril can more fatal be,
Than that, which men already undergo?
Unhappy men, that this sole beauty see!
Yet happy, that divine perfection know!

57.

For, if upon the field we needs must die,
'Tis something by an Angel's spear to fall;
If needs we must be spoil'd of liberty,
'Tis something to an Angel to be thrall.

58.

Two things have ever been accounted great,
In the clear judgment of discerning men;
From godlike sources to derive our state,
And by a godlike hand to fall again.

59.

Who would not by divine Achilles die ?

Who would not to divine ALTHEA fall ?

Then has it too this sweet felicity,

That end is the completing crown of all.

60.

The banner of her beauty well display'd,

What doubt can be of her Angelick state ?

Is not her cheek in all the spoils array'd

Of Araby, and is she not a mate

61.

Well worthy in her faultless steps to walk

With fair Aurora in the kindling Morn ?

Oh ! let not fancy my true passion balk ;

She is whatever can the World adorn.

62.

Whatever Shakspeare in his page has writ,

Or boundless Ariosto finely penn'd,

Of perfect beauty, and unerring wit,

In her, as in a mirror, may be kenn'd.

63.

Angelica was never half so fair,
Though all the world beneath her beauty bow'd;
If with ALTHEA she would think to pair,
She would be judg'd but of the vulgar crowd.

64.

O innocence, by perfect art refin'd!
O art, by perfect innocence adorn'd!
I am to this sweet world of beauty blind,
If in her presence Dian were not scorn'd.

65.

Ah me! whatever is more soft, and pure,
Than all the world of woman-kind can show;
Whatever can to blameless love allure,
And make us with heroick passion glow,

66.

In her, as in it's native seat, is found,
As light has still most splendour in the Sun:
The name of England is by her renown'd,
And by her charms Napoleon is undone.

C

67.

From her soft presence we to battle go,
With burning thoughts, and a determin'd soul;
What chance can be to the unhappy foe,
But ruin and despair from pole to pole?

68.

Wherever lands extend, or oceans flow,
Our cannon shall her matchless glory sound:
The World shall our Angelick beauty know,
By deeds of arms, that have no end, or bound.

69.

In words of thunder we her praises speak,
In bleeding wounds we spread her glory far;
The distant kingdoms by her light we seek,
And sail by her, as by the Northern star.

70.

Would any know the beauty of her eyes,
How love is thron'd upon her peerless cheek?
Go, ask the ringing shores, and crystal skies,
And they shall in eternal musick speak!

71.

From Troy we come, a long-renowned race,
Supreme in thought, and in the warlike deed ;
But now we own a more peculiar grace,
For which our martial nature may have need.

72.

For soldiers, that can face with dauntless breast
Flight, fear, and horror on the trembling plain,
Or through the quaking billows seek their hest,
And for whole lives upon the seas remain,

73.

To savage nature would at last decline,
But that the sight of woman melts them so,
To pity they are turn'd by love divine,
And with a gentle hand uplift the foe.

74.

Thy memory, *ATTREA*, then, shall be
Our soft companion in the reckless fight ;
Thy pleading looks, O dear divinity,
Amid the burning battle breed delight.

75.

Then England's mercy is ALTHEA's love,
That turns the edge of slaughter from the foe :
We think of her, and our devotion prove
In this, that we withhold the fatal blow.

76.

Nor less in the soft arts of peace, than war,
Immortal war, is thy true glory found ;
Thy beauties, that as fair as Morning are,
In all our songs, and all our dances sound.

77.

Whatever in our burning metals flow
Of love, or happy thoughts of victory ;
Whatever in our tapestry shall glow,
Which we would fain commend to memory ;

78.

Our medals, and the hangings of our rooms,
With all the arts, that can embellish life,
The service of our fuses, and our looms,
Whose fine product can hold with Nature strife,

79.

But come from thee, and must to thee return,
From thee they spring, and let the praise be thine :
Our bosoms with unwonted glory burn,
Beholding in thy face a light divine.

80.

O dear ALTHEA, if this thing be so,
And is it not? that we our glory take
From those soft charms, that in thy person glow,
Shall I not be immortal for thy sake? •

81.

Upon whose soul thy image is imprest
With all the force of an immortal love :
I feel a sacred fury in my breast,
The which my deeds shall to the World approve.

82.

The mountains with thy sacred praise shall ring,
The vallies with thy perfect love resound ;
My musick shall be softer than the Spring,
And like the golden Summer shall abound.

83.

The crystal air shall to thy praise be liege,
Not only shall this globed Earth be thrall,
The adamantinè portals we will siege,
And to th' Angelick watch deliver all.

84.

So shall I be the herald to thy love,
And on my fleeting wings shall fly before ;
If yet my soul that pleasure can approve,
And live, till I arrive at Heaven's door.

85.

The balmy air, on which the Angels feed,
For mortal breast may be too fine, and pure ;
And yet the Poets of that air have need,
If they would to the bounds of time endure.

86.

The Poets ! ah ! that happy word misplac'd,
Men yield it not, where the soft crown is due ;
The sacred head is of it's leaf ungrac'd,
And blamish'd by compare with folly's crew.

87.

If those great wits, that but in story live,
In this time-lesse'd age could live again,
Their boundless labours no delight would give,
Nor they themselves could the neglect sustain.

88.

If Dante, who could ope the gates of Hell,
And with the sacred Morning speed his flight,
Should now survive, that spirit he must quell,
Which would be for a fallen World too bright.

89.

O Shakspeare ! let thy restless spirit pine,
O Ariosto ! mix thy tears with me ;
The soul, that is inflam'd with light divine,
Must perish in most dark obscurity !

90.

Then, oh ! farewell the golden beams of Morn;
Farewell the songs, that I have heard at Eve;
When Angels' wings the happy gates adorn;
And halleluiahs the soft day receive.

91.

The monsters now, that by the baleful stream
Affright the air, and darken Night with woe,
May finely yell, and be no Poet's theme ;
Earth has no ears, that can such musick know.

92.

The Lilies now may waste their souls in air,
The fine Narcissus pine it's life away ;
We have no voice your virtue to declare,
Or make you to eternal song a prey.

93.

O Air, thy myriads of delight withhold,
O Earth, thy treasures pour not on my sight,
O Ocean, in thy darkest waves infold
Thy monsters, and thy fables of delight !

94.

But by the fountains I will sit, and weep,
And mourn upon the hills, the while I view
The countless thousands, that in night must sleep,
Since Poësy is robbed of her due.

95.

Revenge may burn, unhappy madness grieve,
And sorrow in lamenting accents mourn,
Nay, even love no glory shall receive,
But sink without delight in Nature's bourn !

96.

Alas ! ALTHEA, can this thing be so,
And you in such unfaulted beauty live ?
It is not : but my soul, betray'd to woe
By fruitless thought, doth a false picture give.

97.

Or if it be, your beauty shall prevail ;
This conquest as the last, and fairest shines :
O, let your beams the Night's dull shadow quail,
And rescue what is fair from Night's confines !

98.

Alas ! my love, the song, that haunts the Spring,
Which the fond Shepherd often lists to hear,
No such delight unto the World can bring,
If sad delay shall mar it's musick clear.

99.

The gen'ral beauty, and the gen'ral pride,
Your image will the fallen age restore;
Be no delay; but, to soft love allied,
Let Poësy now shed her tears no more.

100.

Your golden smile will well inform the age;
Your pity, shed on me, our loss redeem;
Possess'd of thee with glory I engage,
And conquer, if ALTHA be my theme.

2—64.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF MOIRA,
LORD HASTINGS, HUNGERFORD, AND BOTREAUX.

LIKE that great bard, that, to Alfonso near,
Bestow'd the crown of immortality,
Or him, that to Hippolito was dear,
The glory of contending Italy,
I boldly quit the beaten path, and fly
With full delight into a higher sphere,
And imp my tender wings to soar on high,
Where envy cannot come, or hopeless fear:
And You, my Lord, who worthily are nam'd
The true Mecænas of this later age,
May not perhaps by aftertimes be blam'd,
That me you honour with your patronage,
That on my verse you shed a gracious smile,
And all my cares, and labours so beguile.

3—65.

WRITTEN ON
THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

THE balmy Spring with her melodious breath
Now wakens to new life the crystal air ;
And Earth, that slept, as in a trance beneath,
Is startled, and puts forth her blossoms fair ;
The sacred Poets, whose diviner lays
To virtue, and heroick acts are bent,
Now fill the World with universal praise,
And mix the Season with their argument ;
And I, that of them all have fix'd to sing
The boundless glory of that Paladin,
And back into the East his steps to bring,
My faithful labour with new love begin ;
The world is in it's prime ; and I this day
Pursue my path, and enter on my way.

4—66.

THE THIRTEENTH ODE

OF

THE THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

FOUNTAIN, more clear than glass can be,
Belov'd Blandusia, to thee
Sweet cups of wine are fitly paid,
With flowers, upon thy margin laid;
And to-morrow thou shalt have
A kid, upon whose forehead brave
The kindling horns yet mock the sight,
And threaten Venus and the fight :
In vain : for with his ruddy blood
He shall stain thy gelid flood,
Offspring of a wanton brood.

}

The flaming dog-star's madd'ning hour
Hath upon thy wave no power :

A sweet coldness thou dost yield
To flocks, that wander in the field,
And oxen, weary from the plough.
Amidst the noble fountains thou
Shalt flow for ever, whilst I sing
The ilex, that o'ershades thy spring,
Whose roots i'the mossy marble creep,
From which thy murmuring waters leap.

5—67.

THE TWELFTH ODE

OF

THE FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE.

TO VIRGIL.

COMPANIONS of the Spring, that hilt the sea,
Now the soft airs of Thrace the sails impell :
Now not the meads are frozen, nor rivers swell,
Loud with the snows of winter, down the lea.
Her nest she puts, that Itys weeping cries,
The hapless bird, of the Cecropian name
The sad reproach for ever, that ill she came
T' avenge barbarian kings' impieties.
Laid on the tender grass, at listless ease,
The shepherds of fat flocks their musick rear ;
And charm the God, to whom the herd is dear,
Whom the dark hills of his Arcadia please.
The season hath brought thirst ; but if you think

To quaff the generous wine at Cales press'd,

O Virgil, by the noble youth caress'd,

Then purchase with sweet nard the pleasing drink.

Of nard a little onyx shall prepare,

A cask, which in Sulpician barns is laid,

Rich to produce new hope, and full of aid

To wash away the bitterness of care.

These joys if you delight in, quickly come

With merchandise of price: I have no thought

To steep you in my laughing cups for nought,

As the rich man in his abundant home.

But losing dreams of wealth, that poor deceit;

Mindful of the dark fires, whilst yet you may,

Mix a short folly with your studious day:

To trifle as the fool in place is sweet.

6—68.

THE golden Autumn reigneth in the air,

The swallow to the South hath turn'd her wing,
The beauteous season prompts me to prepare

My wakeful voice, and to the woods to sing;
Ere yet the sluggish winter shall appear,

And feebly, like the frozen age, destroy
Th' unsullied hues, and glory of the year,

And turn into despite our mournful joy:
For mournful is the time, but sweet withal;

Sweet sadness, with a mournful pleasure mixt;
And to my fancy most poetical

The sacred silence, that in air is fix'd;
Now time it is, amid' the woods to lie,
In thought to live, and in sweet thought to die!

7—69.

IN thought to live, but what a life is this,
In melancholy thought to wear the day,
And find that Nature, in her course amiss,
But wanders to her own most sure decay?
Each hour, that the changeful dial shows,
Is prodigal of woe unto the mind;
So silently we hasten to our close,
And leave not of our state a wreck behind:
Oh! this is joy to view the fading flowers,
To see the leaves grow sere unto their fall,
To mark how Nature, weary of her powers,
Now looks for night, which is the end of all!
O, help me up against this woeful time,
Lest grief too much should poison all my rhyme.

8—70.

I NEVER could have thought my mind could be
So mournful, and so full of sad respect ;
Or that the season could have force on me,
My nature in it's virtue to affect ;
But now I find, amid the changeful year,
My mind as changeful as the changeful day,
The clouds do not more swiftly disappear,
Than all my thoughts do flit from me away :
But sorrow still remains, though newly come,
Is welcome then so swiftly put away ?
Or we so unacquainted with our doom,
As thus to weep upon an Autumn's day ?
Ah me ! but death, which is our sole relief,
For man is woe, may put an end to grief.

9—71.

FOR man is woe, but what the end of grief,
May puzzle the conceited mind to know ;
If in a finer sphere we find relief,
Or fall into a deeper depth of woe ?
Then better is the ill, which reason finds
In part of our fantastick fancy born,
Than with uncertain woe to load our minds,
And look for realms, which no light may adorn :
'Tis true, the world is in a mournful hue,
A sacred gloom upon the earth is spread,
All things are sad, and drooping to the view,
And jollity, and soft delight are fled ;
The leaves grow sere, and pale the fading flowers,
But love may live amid' these waning hours !

10—72.

Is love a creature of the Elements,
That, born in sunshine, must in darkness die ?
Or by the stars so straiten'd in events,
That, as they look, it prospers, or must die ?
Our state then like the false camelion shows,
And of it's proper virtue finds no store ;
More fickle than the wind our fortune flows ;
Mere pensioners we are, that would be more ;
Mere pensioners, whom accident beguiles,
Whom Fortune leads to her deceitful room,
Sometimes, perhaps, to banquet on her smiles,
Sometimes to chill us with distressful gloom ;
But this is false ; love, like the golden lamp,
Still beams serene, and guilds the heavens damp.

11—73.

BUT this is false ; love, like the golden star,
That softly burns with an infixed light,
And from the North doth pour it's beams afar,
Is not subdued by shadows of the night :
Else poorest were the love, most poor of all,
Which we unto our heav'nly author pay,
Despondent, and in woe, when Nature's fall
Is voic'd abroad amid' the mournful day :
Forgetful of the fragrant Spring's delight,
Forgetful of the golden Summer's blaze,
Anticipating now the storms of Night,
Which wrap the world in a deceitful maze ;
If thus we love, but 'till the clouds arise,
Such briefest love will never mount the skies !

12—74.

MUCH pleasure yet there is, and sweetness too,
In this pale look of the declining year ;
I know not, if the golden Summer's hue
More soft to me, or lovely can appear :
The nightingale, indeed, is flown away,
The Zephyr on it's joyous wing is gone,
But yet the robin pours a plaintive lay,
And a soft murmur makes the air it's own !
Then thus to lie, amid' these mournful bowers,
To dream of joys, that may again return,
T' extract the worth of these declining hours,
Shall make my fancy soar, my spirit burn ;
Let others love the flatt'ring Summer's glare,
But I will sing to the Autumnal air !

13—75.

O SACRED silence of the balmy air,
How sweet unto the sense is your delight!
How grateful to the heart, whose restless care
Must shun the day, but not endure the night!
For when th' unquiet dreams of night are o'er,
And Phoebus on the golden hills appears,
Of hapless thought a never-ending store
Doth quail the heart, and fill the cheek with tears.
Ah me! the silver gates of heav'n are loos'd,
The fragrant light upon the hills is spread,
A beauteous joy, throughout the world diffus'd,
Doth tell to man, that night and care are fled,
But morning to the soul of woe is grief;
This tender gloom may give a soft relief.

14—76.

I sit, and view the drooping roses fade,
The bright carnations on their stalk decay,
And mournful thought is to my sense convey'd,
Whilst here I view the action of the day ;
For hours, 'mid their bright resort I sit,
(My heart is full of woe, my cheek of tears,)
What profits now the soft, and wanton wit,
Since here we see the current of our years !
Since here we see, what balmy Spring disclos'd,
And wanton Summer hasten'd to it's prime,
What now the Autumn with soft hand has clos'd,
Still adding to the mournful wrecks of time ?
Ah beauteous flowers ! though your date be past,
Yet, maugre time, you in my verse shall last.

15—77.

In thy soft cheek, as in a glass, I see,
O fading rose, the image of my doom,
Then, gazing here, my mirror thou shalt be,
Whilst silently I wait the silent tomb ;
The doctrine, that sad time has softly writ
Upon the paling book of thy decay,
More precious is to me, than all the wit,
By which th' abused world is held in sway :
Ambition is not fit for hearts like mine,
Ambition to this season is not due ;
Nor yet do I at thy pale looks repine,
But rather with fond love thy fate pursue ;
O beauteous rose, in this alike we are,
That speedy death shall spoil us of our care.

16—78.

THY beauty is a map of boundless woe,
In little compass, but depicted well,
Thy fading blushes not in vain do glow,
Since all, that we can suffer here, they tell.
The brief estate by which we hold our life,
(The tenancy of this sublunar sphere,)
With doubtful issues of debate and strife,
And all the army of delight and fear,
Are marshall'd here, and to the eyes of love
In colour and estate may well be seen ;
What should I do to search the stars above,
Since thus in thy delight, depictur'd clean,
As true as life, but O ! more soft in hue,
The fortune of the world I here can view !

17—79.

I HERE can view, O ever-changing rose,
O rose, in thy estate more brief than all,
O peerless beauty, e'en at season's close,
I here can view what is our nature's thrall!
The soft delight, the ever-changing love,
The pale content beneath this lunar woe,
All, that makes hopeless thought an errant prove,
Doubt, passion, madness turn'd to senseless woe!
I here can view what is the end of all,
(But no, the end of all is boundless life!)
The feeble age, that, with discolour'd pall,
Doth huddle up our cares, and woeful strife;
I here can view, and sweet it is to view,
That death is bliss, and to our virtues due.

18—80.

It is a strange thing, but an excellent,
That virtue with delight is seldom wed,
For still it happens, that some accident
Doth keep th' excoelling stranger from her bed :
So think I, that the elements combine
Against th' occurrence of such blissful woe,
Nor ever are the planets now in trine,
To make soft light upon this meeting flow.
Ah ! me, the armour, that Achilles wore,
Was made with sweat, and with a toiling brow,
And worn with sweat, and of all love forlore,
As ever in this age we find it now,
Who thinks to rise above his equal peers,
Must yield to death after long-toilsome years.

19—81.

O, THINK not I am mov'd with fruitless scorn,
Though fruitless scorn be but the child of woe,
And therefore of soft natures to be borne,
Yet, take me as I am, it is not so.
The lion of the gnat may be diseas'd,
But, shaking his rich mane, shall hardly spare
Beyond that outer scorn to be displeas'd,
Yet shall he not to censure lay him bare :
His nature, not his pride, is here in fault ;
He must be less, or else his foe be more ;
It were a pretty censure, and default,
To say, too proudly he his kingdom bore :
Thus, in our lesser state, though fortune frown,
As Nature gave, we will preserve our crown.

20— 82.

WHY am I foreign to the chearful day,
And so of kin to the unblamed moon ;
That thus I pine amid' the joyous ray,
With which Hyperion now engilds his noon ?
I pine amid' the joyous ray, and find
No glory in the blazing of his light :
This sad divorce hath overwhelm'd my mind,
And turn'd to bitter this essential light :
Then let the happy in his beams rejoice ;
Then let the wretched to the night retire ;
To listen to the wakeful owlet's voice,
To gaze upon the stars of living fire ;
For there perchance we may at length abide,
And find that bliss, which is as yet denied.

21—83.

If accident, if outward accident,
 Could bend the man to unrestrained woe,
We then should have an endless argument,
 Of all, that to our life's delight is foe :
Then toil upon the surging seas would prove,
 And peril in sequester'd ways an ill,
Which man from off his ground of hope would move,
 And, quenching reason, all endurance kill :
Then poverty, and sickness would conspire,
 Against th' abated wisdom of the soul ;
The loss of friends would poison our desire,
 And change of place our better sense controul ;
But so we mix our fancy with our woe,
That abstract, and pure grief we lose to know.

22—84.

Now gaze the stags upon the glassy brooks,
Then slowly through their leafy walks retire,
The huntsman from his close-shut casement looks,
And heaps new wood upon his blazing fire ;
The lowing kine, from out the flow'ry meads,
Now pale and frozen, under shelter stand,
The ox within his stall contented feeds,
And plough and wain are idle on the land ;
The hind within the house his labour plies,
The dreaming hound upon the hearth is laid,
The flapping sea-gull from the coastward flies,
And robin now can perch on axe and spade ;
This, this is Autumn, when the freezing sky,
And mournful air proclaim the Winter nigh !

23—85.

THE mournful earth is fellow to my woe,
The hills and valleys to my anthems sing,
That now no more the golden sunbeams flow
But waning Autumn of the world is king.
The woods and gardens to my songs reply,
They feel the loss, which they in change sustain;
The fountains on me look with careful eye,
And fondly of the creeping cold complain:
The winged horses now have lost their powers,
The musing herds within the meadows stand,
The birds are hush'd amid' their naked bowers,
And insects in the cells themselves have plann'd;
All sight and sound is of a mournful cast,
And tell to man the golden prime is past.

24—86.

I STAND upon the hill, and outwards look,
With amber, and with gold the vallies shine ;
But when I search the doctrine of the book,
I find the words, but not the soul divine :
The Sun amid' a mist of glory streams,
But yet unto the cold and Eastern blast,
The russet leaves are whirling in the gleams ;
And all things show the happy prime is past :
But in my heart, the monument of care,
The beauteous image of the prime is plac'd,
In wakeful dreams I see the Summer fair,
With light, and musick the soft prospect grac'd ;
But when I lift my eyes from off the ground,
My bliss is lost, and all my grief is found.

25—87.

Sometimes upon the hills in thought I stand,
And travel on the wings of phantasy ;
With what delight the globed earth is spann'd !
With how soft foot the winged moments fly !
A silent dream environs me around ;
I am not what I am ; I am not here ;
But yet I walk upon my wonted ground,
But yet the woods unto my sight appear ;
The woods, in which from morn 'till mournful eve,
I wander, and would shroud myself from day ;
And envy e'en the fox, whom caves receive,
And fast secure him from the glaring ray :
This body, and machine, indeed, is here ;
But flies my soul into a higher sphere.

26—88.

I SOMETIMES ask the pale and silver star,
That on the forehead of yon mountain burns,
Why thus th' unthrifty minds so happy are,
And deeper thought but disappointment earns ?
O, Fortune is a prodigal, that throws
Her wanton pearls before the careless sight ;
And so he wins, that no enjoyment knows,
Love, beauty, honour, riches and delight.
But weigh not Virtue, but by Virtue's end ;
Her passage in this world is but the mean ;
And yet this thought is to my sorrow friend,
So Sorrow of my mind must reign the queen
If I but think myself so wretched here,
Too late to look to that sublimer sphere !

27—89.

BELIEVE it, in the soft and amber sky,
When fire shall quench the orbit of the world,
And sea and earth in one extinction lie,
The banner of pure love shall be unfurl'd :
Then, like the thunder of the golden Spring,
A silver trumpet shall be heard on high ;
“ Ye pure of heart, to this sweet valley bring
“ Your guiltless thoughts, which here can never die ;
“ Here true affection without trouble lives,
“ And youth is with immortal beauty wed,
“ Perpetual love a living fountain gives,
“ And amaranths about the wave are spread ;”
But hush, my soul, the silver portals close,
Then now to Earth, and to our earthly woes.

28—90.

THE rose, that on the front of Summer burns,
More prodigal of passion may appear,
When wooingly unto the Sun she turns,
The wanton pride and garland of the year ;
But dearer to the eye of thought the rose,
That in the paling leaf of her decay,
An image of the world discreetly shows,
And passes in Autumnal love away :
This wakes the heart, and sheds the silver tear,
This prompts us to forget the Summer's blaze,
The Summer, that to golden youth is dear,
When pleasure is companion of her ways ;
Ah ! me, but youth, e'en in her flow'ry state,
Must yield like this, and be the thrall of fate !

29—91.

LINES,

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY UPON HEARING OF

THE DEATH OF THE

EARL OF ASHBURNHAM.

Is Ashburnham then dead? whom late we saw
By pure felicity to give the law
To changeful fortune? in whose noble mind,
(Only by virtue, and it's laws confin'd,)
What just, what wise, what liberal we call,
Had steadfast dwelling? then, since life must fall,
More wonder we should have, to see his race
So crown'd by Fortune in a lofty place,
Than that his virtues, to perfection come,
Should sleep, and rest, as in a quiet home.

For Fortune, though the wise with temper'd rein
Can somewhat stay her, yet doth still remain
Unquiet in her thought, and apt to ill ;
And so most found by them, that have their fill
Of plenteous good, yet in their latest years
Must mingle in their cup repentant tears.
Not so in him ; who, from his earliest birth,
'Till now composed in maternal Earth,
Still liv'd, but with a wise discretion too,
Above the aim of what her spite could do :
And sure no greater earnest we can have,
(Since doubts must somewhat yet our minds enslave,)
Than that the man who is successful here,
Through all his course, must needs to Heav'n be dear :
At least, what has been is a certain good :
And he so wisely on possession stood,
As knowing from what sacred source it came,
That now his bliss is equal to his fame.

Still faithful to himself, and to his friends ;
Still loyal to his king ; no private ends
E'er mixing with his thoughts, for publick good

A pattern to succeeding times he stood :
And if with mighty poets I should vie,
T' embalm him in some pompous elegy,
Since truth is his best praise, the erring song
Would do his noble independence wrong.
The poor will weep him ; they, who knew him most,
Will most lament him, since to them he's lost ;
But lost but for short time : and what can be
More happy than this last felicity ?
To pass unto his rest, unmov'd by fears,
Since fix'd in virtue ; by unfeigned tears
Lamented, and consign'd to parent clay, .
In soft expectance of immortal day.

This epitaph is his : " Here lies the great,
" As well in mind, as in a high estate ;
" The World consenting, since of him bereft,
" No wiser man, or happier is left."

30—92.

WHEN I look round upon the gen'ral face
Of Nature, and behold her passing fair,
Improving still in virtue, and in grace,
That of all riches she appears the heir ;
When I survey her with the eyes of thought,
Enlighten'd through interminable space,
And the thin Air with subtlest being fraught,
And Ocean with the multitudes, his race ;
Or ponder on this Earth's familiar stage,
That holds awhile our briefest tragedy,
Adorn'd with all delights, that might engage
The dullest nature to felicity ;
This thought occurs, that nothing here is seen
To fail, but men, that must survive the scene.

31—93.

WHY do I toil through shadows of the night,
Or lose in dreams the too-fast flitting day,
And know that men, too greedy of his flight,
Must needs be unto Time a timeless prey?
Is it that great thoughts in my heart have bred,
And now are bursting to maturity,
That their bold wings for open flight have spread,
Regardless, if their parent live or die?
Ah, but this thought is for these times unfit,
The World is worn out with antiquity,
No use have we, that now inherit it,
For their brave deeds, that do in darkness lie:
Then trust farewell, this bitter truth I know,
He lives too late, who died not long ago!

32—94.

FAREWELL, vain hope of an enlarged fame,
That may endure, when brass and stone decay,
Fenc'd against Envy's rage, and Seasons' blame,
Built in opinion, which no tongue can slay ;
Most dear imagination of true sway
In souls, that 'gainst their chequer'd ages sleep,
E'en to the sharp edge of the dooming day,
Farewell, I say, but, as I say it, weep.
For I with thee did dear communion keep,
False though thou art, a painted forgery ;
And yet for all my love no good I reap,
That day and night had only thought of thee ;
O frail diminish'd dream, to thee farewell,
No soul, that lives, can love thee half so well !

33—95.

'Tis pale-fac'd doubt, that does our cause dismay,
And blunts the edge of all our fine endeavour,
To purpos'd action gives unmeet delay,
And breaks the bond, that should endure for ever :
O ! the vile wisdom of too much surmising,
Hath been the extinction of most noble thought ;
And things, that blossom'd sweetest in devising,
Kill'd in their promise, so have pass'd to nought.
Believe it, 'tis the canker in the rose,
The sable cloud, that intercepts the day,
The blemish, that the jewel disavows,
And mars th' imperfect beauty of it's ray ;
Or if 'tis fair, like fickle youth, in show,
Yet false at heart, and overgone with woe !

34—96.

WHAT is in Man, but that we have it too?

Then what the cause, but we may hope to gain?

The prize is rich, the combatants are few ;

Therefore it seems too special to attain :

The gorgeous ladies, and the bright array

Of coated heralds, and of harbingers,

And silver tubes, that preparation play,

Great sanction on the tournament confers :

But let the knights within the lists be gone,

And quick encounter shake the earth with dread,

The fears by which the bravest are undone,

Are lost in one great scope of hardihead ;

With equal arms, and equal Sun they play :

Then man to man, and God decide the day !

35—97.

*On reading the Aphorisms of Shakspeare.**

IF Shakspeare had been precedent in time
To that great king, that overwent the rule
Of good Darius, and his throne sublime
Establish'd, (so inform'd in wisdom's school)
Upon the neck of prodigality ;
Then had he in his golden casket plac'd,
Wherein the works of Homer still did lie,
This image of a pure, and sacred taste :
The great Mæonian should have taught him best
The doctrine and delight of Mars's sphere ;
And Shakspeare, in his sacred fancy blest,
Have harmonized his bright, and pure career ;
Not kingdoms only, but the hearts of men,
Thrice happy Victor ! he had conquer'd then.

* A very elegant little book, collected by Mr. Capel Lofft, and his Lady.

36—98.

AFTER A SEASON OF STORM.

YET am I weary of this restless woe,
This hubbub in the empire of the air,
That storm on storm doth still engender so,
As if the skies were never to be fair ;
Forsooth the Earth, that is to ruin heir,
'Gin to advise her ancient heritage,
And, having wrestled long with blust'ring care,
Is shaking with infirmity of age :
Or, otherwise, let this alternate stage
Pass to sweet mirth from woeful tragedy ;
Too long it has been rent with warlike rage,
Lacking the softer voice of comedy :
In timely change our true affections lie ;
Grief without end will make e'en Virtue die !

37—99.

ON

THE LIFE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,

BY DOCTOR ZOUCH.

THE perfect heat of that celestial fire,
That so inflames the pure heroick breast,
And lifts the thought, that it can never rest,
Till it to Heav'n attain, it's prime desire,
Inflaming thee, O Sidney, to aspire,
Did raise thee up, upon an Angel's wing,
And to that bright, and happy mansion bring,
To take thy part i' th' ever-hymning quire :
Yet not the less did poisonous Envy bark,
And taint thy spotless name with her ill breath ;
In hope, at this late season after death,
To heap thy story with oblivion dark :
But Zouch arose, for God would not permit,
And with his fine rebuke hath quench'd her wit.

38—100.

TO A NOBLEMAN:

ON HIS TRAVELS.

THROUGH the long records of unchalleng'd Time
What shall we find more worthy memory,
To be transmitted with enduring rhyme
To the late praises of posterity,
Than great achievement of our martial days,
And brave defence of England's liberty,
Whereby her sons have set the World at gaze,
And swept wide Ocean of her enemy ?
Though Fate, my Lord, in this denied the praise,
Which your clear Virtue would have won, yet You,
With nobler thoughts disdaining slothful ways,
By glorious travel loved fame pursue :
And in this book have well before us set
Th' unsleeping blood of crown'd Plantagenet !

39—101.

ON

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S BOOK,
THE DEFENCE OF POËSY.

WITH what a rightful force hast thou maintain'd
The state of Poet, and upheld his sway,
That only death shall tear his palm away,
When the brief world is at her doom arraign'd :
So hast thou built him up, without decay,
In human judgment, where of old he reign'd ;
A mighty gift, which we could ne'er repay,
But that thy wit upon the earth remain'd.
Then, if we seek to give thee praises due,
Well must we read thy lines, where beauty lives,
And, having quite perus'd thee, through and through,
Restore the image, which thy virtue gives :
For all, that thou with matchless pen hast writ,
Is but description of thy Angel wit !

40—102.

ON

THE PORTRAIT OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,

IN THE GALLERY AT PENSHURST.

IN what diviner face more clearly burns
The sacred fury of an Angel's mind,
Than thine, O Sidney? for the man is blind,
Who not in thee th' heroick life discerns.
But well the Painter has imagin'd thee,
Adorn'd with beauty, which thou didst inherit,
And living sweetness of that heav'nly spirit,
That fills thy face with thoughtful majesty :
O, that the silver trump of Victory
Had never play'd in thine acquainted ear;
Then in the Muses' dear society
Thy posting days had seen their late career;
And England ta'en full pleasure in thy sight,
Her native Virgil, and the World's delight.

41—103.

To live, to die, and leave no name behind,
But in the grave to be forgotten quite,
To beauties of the World doth make me blind,
Divesting me of pleasure and delight :
But then I think, though it o'ercomes the sprite,
When pale reflection doth usurp the mind,
These are but dreams, that do avoid the light,
Like thin dispersion, without wreck behind :
For He, who bids the beams of Morning play,
And sends the Seasons from their golden gate,
Can lead th' entombed spirit up to day,
And crown with happiness in new estate :
O God, my soul, thus humbled in the dust,
Adores thy mercy, and discerns thee just.

42—104.

THE LARGE EMPIRE OF LOVE.

THE noble heart, that, panting with disdain,
Doth lack to hear the tuneful trumpet blow,
Can ill abide upon the peaceful plain,
Or taste the poor delights, that shepherds know :
Nor can the shepherd, from his station low,
Delight in greatness, and unstable state,
But, pleased with the pleasant sounds, that flow
From his small pipe, the lofty life doth hate :
Yet nathless Love, that not a whit will bait
From his full empire, doth them both controul,
And, clothing their stiff necks with golden weight
Of his sweet yoke, doth reign in either soul :
The proud oft times he leads to lowly plain,
And plants the humble in uncertain reign.

43—105.

IN SPRING :

AS THE OLD POETS.

METHINKS I hear Spring's welcome harbinger,
That fills the World with pity, and with love,
And from the bow'r, which God hath built for her,
The cruel maidens thus she doth reprove ;
Awake, nor do your happy days defer,
The swallow dippeth in the waters now,
The trembling leaves do make the fawn to fear,
And pretty cuckoo sitteth on the bough :
Lo, ev'ry lover doth renew his vow,
And gentle pairs into the woods are gone,
Within the secret shade to harbour low,
And, touch'd by timely passion, sigh and moan ;
Awake, nor do such dear endearments fly,
Or mocked be for unwise chastity !

44—106.

ON THE APPROACH TO RYE,

IN SUSSEX.

BEFORE me, on old Ocean's pebbly marge,
And marshy plains, upon a spacious bay,
The mighty works of labour stand at large,
When violence within this realm had sway :
Th' antique Castle* glooms deserted now,
A monument of wasteful war and pride,
And Winchelsea upon it's raised brow,
That the vain shock of ages hath defied :
Before me Rye,† once town of dignity,
Stands like a falcon on it's perched rock ;
Long may it view the everlasting Sea,
Forsaken of the waves, and brave the shock
Of fruitless Time, till in the fated hour
Oblivion shall our silver Isle devour.

* Winchelsea Castle, on the marsh, before the sea.

† Rye, a town formerly of strength, one of the Cinque Ports, from which the waves have retired.

45—107.

ON THE SAME JOURNEY.

IN THE EVENING.

THE crimson Moon, uprising from the Sea,
With large delight, foretells the harvest near :
Ye shepherds, now prepare your melody,
To greet the soft appearance of her sphere !
And, like a page, enamour'd of her train,
The star of Ev'ning glimmers in the West :
Then raise, ye shepherds, your observant strain,
That so of the great shepherd here are blest !
Our fields are full with the time-ripen'd grain,
Our vineyards with the purple clusters swell :
Her golden splendour glimmers on the main,
And vales, and mountains her bright glory tell :
Then sing, ye shepherds, for the time is come,
When we must bring th' enriched harvest home !

.

46—108.

ON THE SAME JOURNEY,

PASSING NEAR HASTINGS.

O Moon, that shimest on this heathy wild,
And light'st the hill of Hastings with thy ray,
How am I with thy sad delight beguil'd,
How hold with fond imagination play !
By thy broad taper I call up the time,
When Harold on the bleeding verdure lay,
Though great in glory, overstain'd with crime,
And fallen by his fate from kingly sway !
On bleeding knights, and on war-broken arms,
Torn banners, and the dying steeds you shone ;
When this fair England, and her peerless charms,
And all but Honour to the foe were gone !
Here died the King, whom his brave subjects chose,
But, dying, lay amid' his Norman foes !

47—109.

ON THE SAME EVENING.

THE shepherds on pale Dian fondly gaze,
The huntsman with delight her glory sees,
The tented warrior now observes her rays,
And the lone fisher on the silent seas :
The pale astronomer, from out his tow'r,
With watchful eyes her perfect sphere surveys,
And the fine poet wastes the midnight hour,
Enamour'd of the glory of her ways :
But, most of all, (and let compassion weep !)
The madman to her throned beauty turns,
Forsaken of all hope, of balmy sleep,
And for a World of idle fancy burns !
The mind of man is like the ebbing Sea,
O changeful Dian, oversway'd by thee !

48—110.

'Tis much immortal beauty to admire,
But more immortal beauty to withstand ;
The perfect soul can overcome desire,
If beauty with divine delight be scann'd ;
For what is beauty but the blooming child
Of fair Olympus, that in night must end,
And be for ever from that bliss exil'd,
If admiration stand too much its friend ?
The wind may be enamour'd of a flow'r,
The Ocean of the green and laughing shore,
The silver light'ning of a lofty tow'r,
But must not with too near a love adore ;
Or flow'r, and margin, and cloud-capped tow'r,
Love and delight shall with delight devour !

49—111.

BEHOLD, when Scipio came from Africa,
Stately ascending to the Capitol,
When Carthage he had raz'd, and made a prey
Of her, who deem'd the Ocean as her spoil ;
The golden pomp, the solemn sacrifice,
The crowned victims, and the stately gear,
That blazon'd, to divine ambition prize,
And the bright musick, that outvoic'd the year,
The piled armours, and the laurell'd helms,
The fasces in the sweet procession borne,
All, that our sense with glory overwhelms,
Was made of geese and dogs the bitter scorn :
Nor did they spare, fine criticks ! in their strain,
To follow hard upon the Victor's train !

50—112.

ON

THE ROAD TO TUNBRIDGE

O TUNBRIDGE, I approach thee with delight,
That hast from many streams thy lovely name,
Thy hop-gardens are blooming to the sight,
Thy orchards of rich growth are dear to fame :
Not in all Kent, in wealthy Kent, is found
A vale, more beauteous to the farmer's eye,
Meads, that with wheat and barley more abound,
Or a more growth of luscious grass supply :
Thy Castle on the silent Medway stands,
And mournfully o'erlooks the laughing town,
But thy fair School, upbuilt by pious hands,
Demands the poet's lays, and verdant crown :
There Virgil and great Homer well are taught,
Virtue well priz'd, and evil set at nought.

51—113.

FAIR golden star, that, on my onward road
Shin'st featly on the hills, and light'st the World,
Lest darkness here should make her trist abode,
And the sad World be to perdition hurl'd :
Despairing of the over-lighted day,
That now into the briny foam is gone ;
O shine, fair star, and not withhold your ray
Till the bright Moon upon our path is shown :
The pallid Moon, that with her punctual love
Now harnesses her bright and sable steeds,
To touch with silver ev'ry wood and grove,
To peer upon the dew-bespangled meads,
But come she when she may, your blissful light
Is dear to us, fair harbinger of Night !

52—114.

O, I AM mad, 'till I can clearly shine,
Like pale Diana in the golden sky ;
Till the whole realm of science shall be mine,
And Envy from my large expanse shall fly :
The little stars, that, sprinkled here and there,
With ineffectual beams the night delay,
Are lost in glory, though themselves are fair,
When she upraises her majestick ray :
O God, let this divine delight be mine,
O'er sea and land to have ambitious sway ;
To pierce the thieves, that would my sphere confine,
And rob me of the World, my sweetest prey :
Till this be so, and all the World my own,
I am not here, but I to death am gone !

53—115.

A GARLAND VERSIFIED;

Presented to a Lady, on her Birth-day.

HERE's jessamine, and myrtle for your thought,
The rose from China, and the balsam sweet,
Blue harebell, and of silv'ry texture wrought,
And marigold, that is for maidens meet :
The holyoake, that of the bee is lov'd,
The mignonette, that doth delight the air
With lowly sweet, and then, of leaf approv'd,
The laurel, to divine ambition fair :
This Summer garland to your faultless brow
With soft acceptance of delight we bring,
And with it wish this thrice-observant vow,
That, bright as these, your happy days may spring ;
A garland for a Queen, the which we tie
With the soft colour of fidelity.

54—116.

'Tis Ev'ning, and the cawing birds in air
Assemble o'er the dark, and rooky wood ;
The sweet-breath'd kine now homeward make repair,
And yield unto the pail their balmy food :
Beneath the moon, the pale and misty moon,
The huntsman to our blazing hearth returns,
And, having hous'd his dogs, with tankards boon,
And easy mirth the coming night discerns :
The robin by my humble casement sings,
And tells me the sweet Autumn now is near ;
Come then, my friends, and with the bliss of kings
Partake with me our plain and welcome cheer ;
Pure food, rich cups, and with light-voiced song,
Sweet tales, that speed the Winter's night along.

55—107.

FROM THE ITALIAN
OF
BERNARDO MALVEZZI.

BESIDE this shallow, brawling brook I lie,
Beneath this scathed oak's embrowned arms,
And view the flaming vengeance, that doth fly
From Jove's right hand, to lighten Nature's charms :
Now kings turn pale to mark the tempest lour,
And list the mountains with the thunder roar,
And, waking from their dream of lawless pow'r,
Heap vows on Jove, for this to sin no more.
The greedy merchant trembles on the main,
The soldier in his filed steel doth quake,
The husbandman his cattle drives amain,
The shelter of his hovel to partake ;
All things have fear of Jove's avenging ire,
And fly aghast from this soul-wasting fire !

56—108.

THE jealousy, that ever haunts the great,
Is surest proof of their unbounded thrall;
The shadow proves the Sun, and we our state,
By this, that into censure we must fall :
Sharp censure, or sad silence, that essay
To blast, or to neglect our height of praise ;
But that shall stand unmoved, on the day,
When mere oblivion them in darkness lays :
With inward malice let them fret their heart,
The while their cheek a smile complacent wears,
Deprive us of our nature, and our art,
Yet are we to futurity the heirs :
No voice we have ; and yet that voice shall sound,
As sweet as thunder, to time's utmost bound.

57—119.

FAR in the West the amber sky is red,
Refulgent with Apollo's burning wheels ;
And matron Eve uplifts her modest head,
And o'er the World a sweet oblivion steals :
The ferny heath now fades upon the view,
Th' o'er-wearied rook unto her bed is gone,
The leathern bat her voyage doth renew,
And to the pool on flitting wing hath flown :
Now burns the star of Ev'ning in the sky,
A farewell note the gentle robin sings,
The happy shepherd homeward turns his eye,
And tastes a bliss, yet unenjoy'd by kings :
Farewell, Ambition : I have done with thee :
My choice content, and love, and liberty.

58—120.

ON THE POEMS,

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY

THOMAS ROWLEIE, A PRIEST.

THE willows are not fonder of the streams,
Or flags, that by the sedgy margent grow,
The owlet of Diana's wakeful gleams,
Or the pale kine, that in the valley low,
Of rich Clitumnus' ever-fragrant meads,
Than I, O Rowley, of thy sacred verse,
Recounting all the hardy Saxons' deeds,
Who did by Redbourne the false Danes empierce :
Then *Ælla* like a noble Saxon stood,
And *Celmonde* did his vaunted fame uphold,
(For warlike virtue mingles bad with good,)
But little were their deeds, if left untold ;
Told now they are, and in so fair a strain,
As shall o'er time and death the conquest gain.

59—121.

TO

THOMAS PARK, Esq. F. S. A.

PARK, in whose virtues, measured in thy song,
The World delights, and aftertimes shall joy,
How shall I my too-bounded date prolong?
How with best skill my passing years employ?
Thy science well improv'd, and native wit,
Still subject to the perfect use of good,
Have taught us what to seek, and what to quit,
If virtue in thy verse be understood:
Each sentence is an image of thy mind,
Clear, capable of thought, and well indued
With fancy of pure growth, and thrice-refin'd;
Then be thy thought in this thy book pursued:
If in Diana's fountain we not spy
Th' o'er-peering Jove, the fault in us doth lie.

60—122.

TO

SYLVANUS URBAN.*

SYLVANUS, the great peer of Time, whose flight,
Like his, is by the wakeful Seasons told,
Inwrapping this fair World in new delight,
Let never Rest thee in it's slumber hold.
When Spring amid' the budding hawthorn sings,
When Summer in the golden Æther plays,
When Autumn his ripe store of fruitage brings,
And Winter closes up his mournful days,
Still let thine eyes upon the World be cast
With restless thought, and an impatient mind
Of sad oblivion, that must reign at last ;
Still let this globe be by thy pen design'd,
That Nature, and this artificial sphere
May to our eyes be seen in picture here !

* The learned and amiable Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine,
John Nicholls, Esq.

61—123.

ON

THE TRAVELS OF JOHN THURLOW,
IN EUROPE, AMERICA, AND AFRICA.

THE restless thirst of knowledge in thy mind,
That led thee o'er the surging seas to roam,
On foreign shores a new delight to find,
Forsaking thy sweet fields, and native home,
O kinsman, at this later day I trace,
The record of thy travel here unroll'd,
Which with the learned Heralds hath a place,
And thy fine thought in brief expanse unfold :
What pity, but the World's remaining part
Thy thirsty soul in prospect had beheld,
E'er yet Death struck thee with his equal dart !
But thou with honour did'st shake hands with eld ;
And, taking leave of light, this verse mads't good,
Three parts of this fair World I well have view'd.

62—124.

WRITTEN AT YARMOUTH,

IN NORFOLK.

THE blowing wind from the salt ocean comes,
The pelting storm against the pane is beat,
The careless fishers in their silent homes
Hear the waves roar, and sky and ocean meet ;
The bells ring out, the flashing cannon play,
The driving ship against the shore is tost,
Th' appalled town with torches take their way,
To line the strand, and view the vessel lost :
One cry is heard : then Ocean swallows all,
Vast monster, in his huge and gaping maw ;
But He, who holds the Seasons in his thrall,
And to the winds gives ever-righteous law,
Sends forth the Morn, and bids the tempest cease,
And Phosphor is the silver type of peace.

63—125.

PRESENTED TO ALTHEA.

Y *peerless beauties of the age,
Behold an Angel here,
That blots the splendour of your page,
And dims your faultless sphere*

*Till she in youth's effulgence shone
With beams indeed divine,
Great glory by your charms you won;
But now your beams decline.*

*The hearts of men confess her sway,
Their minds her worth approve;
Esteem, which we to Virtue pay,
Is blended here with love.*

Time cannot dim her perfect fire,
Which will more softly burn :
From Heav'n proceeds her sweet desire,
And must to Heav'n return.

O, may th' angelick host defend
Her beauteous steps from ill !
With love, that knows no faulty end,
Her spotless bosom fill !

For she is pure, as are the beams,
That in the Morning play ;
When light from out that fountain streams,
That sheds the golden day !

64—126.

ON RECEIVING
A VERY BEAUTIFUL COPY OF VERSES,
FROM A NOBLEMAN.

I saw indeed the ever-beauteous Muse ;
Like Summer, was her golden smile to view ;
“ And can you now your happy toil refuse,
“ And to your sacred labour bid adieu ? ”
She softly said, and spoke it with a smile ;
“ Now that your forehead with the verdant leaf,
“ That time can mock, and thunder can beguile,
“ Is crown'd by him, that is of Virtue chief ? ”
Then said I to the Muse, “ This gift is dear ;
“ Which Virgil might have lov'd, and Tasso priz'd ;
“ But yet to me, that walk not in that sphere,
“ A pledge of hopeless labour is devis'd ;
“ But since He wills I should a Poet be,
“ Then toil henceforth shall be delight to me.”

65—127.

TO

A BELOVED FRIEND.

Nor with more musick the immortal Sun
Forsakes the palace of o'er-arching Jove,
And, shaking his bright ruddy reins, hath run
O'er half the World with his diurnal love,
Ere yet his wheels have from Olympus glow'd
A matin hymn from the bright Muses' quire,*
That still pursue him on his sacred road,
And bathe their spirits in indulgent fire,
Than I pursue thy glory with my Song,
And share the freshness of thy fragrant name,
And guard it from impairing time, as long
As living seas shall roll, or planets flame:
When Night o'er-takes thee, and thy name is gone,
The World, my * *, at it's doom is done !

* Or thus,

A hymn's sweet space, from the bright Muses' quire.

66—128.

THE ruddy-purple'd day in light retires,
The shrieking owlets wanton in the air,
And others hoot, to see the rising fires
Of Hesperus exalt their glory fair;
The cattle low from out their stabled yard,
From house to house the chiding dog is heard,
And now the hamlets, that have labour'd hard
The live-long day, have their sweet toil deferr'd:
Above, the Moon her silver orbit wheels
With pale delight, like fitful tragedy;
And to the shepherd his damp path reveals,
That to the longing arms of Madge doth hie:
In cities now they play great scenes to kings,
Whilst here muse I, and think of deeper things.

67—129.

O, WHAT pale woe in thy o'er-peering face,
Diana, with the eyes of love I read,
Sad stories, that on Earth have wakeful place,
By which the hearts of men empierced bleed :
Methinks I see the pallid Tragedy,
In all her kingly state to Earth remov'd ;
And ruin'd kings before their subjects die,
By which the great behests of Fate are prov'd :
Then Madness rages, and the gen'ral ear,
And eye of thought is of the scene possess ;
And Pity, and the heart-appalling Fear,
With sway imperial shake the loaded breast :
O, but thy Orb, unmatched sphere, contains
More woe, than our bereaved globe sustains !

68—130.

TO ALTHEA.

O, THE bright starlight of those laughing eyes,
That have undone the harbinger of day,
And pal'd his twinkling glory in the skies,
Transferring to our Earth his natal day ;
What spoil and wrong to the beguiled world
Shall those twin rivals of his sphere admit,
That, ere the day be into darkness hurl'd,
Men's hearts shall grieve, that they inherit it :
The songs, that to those living spheres we pay,
Are like the flow'rets, op'ning in the dew,
With welcome to sweet Phosphor's early ray ;
And being like in worth, are fading too !

Time may kill verse, but that immortal spirit,
That lightens here, shall over time inherit !

69—131.

Or art thou Sidney, or is Sidney thou?
So like in form, and in commanding feature:
To perfect eyes he is surviving now,
Or thou in him hast made that age complete:
The kindling spirit, that the canvass shows,
That hangs upon forsaken Penshurst's wall,
Forsaken, till the King that race allows
In his free grace, presents thee all in all;
And thou, here standing on this globed stage,
In youth, in beauty, in diviner mind,
Restorest that brave wonder of his age,
That art to war, and gentle verse inclin'd:
Or if apart you are, then, bating time,
Like those twin stars, you sparkle in my rhyme!

70—132.

*On reading the Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates,
wherein the Poet, led by Sorrow, descends to Hell.*

LED by thy guidance to the gate of woe,
And taught the frail delights of upper air,
O Sackville, by thy side I walk, and know
What doleful sights we shall inherit there :
Then, Oh, farewell the golden palaces,
The blooming gardens, and the deered walks,
Where great Ambition takes it's restless ease,
And Virtue with retired honour talks ;
Farewell the day of action or of thought,
The night, that or in love or musing dies,
Farewell the kingly favour, and distraught
With passion, O, farewell my lady's eyes :
Farewell to this sweet World, for now I go,
In thought and presence, to the land of woe !

71—133.

TO

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

THOU son of Shakspeare, and thou bravest wit,
That sav'st the glory of this sinking age;
Since much to thee we owe, 'tis rightly fit.
Thy praises should our blunter pens engage:
But yet this age shall be thy monument,
This age, that by thy piercing eye is kept
In due observance, and true element
Of Virtue, which in fault had haply slept :
But that thy keen, and asking spirit show'd
This World, thy England, what her sphere contain'd,
And golden words on true desert bestow'd,
And evil, where her peerless orb was stain'd :
Thou with delight hast taught Antiquity
In service of the breathing World to fly !

72—134.

TO

JOHN, LORD ELDON,

*Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain,
High Steward of the University of Oxford.*

If Learning, by the height of toil refin'd
To absolute perfection, may have sway
Without the blame of evil, then thy mind
Shall reign on Earth, like the unsoiled Day:
Not only shall thy learned Muses sing
On Isis' willow'd banks, but all the marge
Of this Imperial Monarchy shall ring
With the sweet truth of thy committed charge:
Thy King approves Thee in His noblest Son,
Whose fine discernment keeps the World in awe,
Who in fair France a deathless fame hath won,
Whilst thou uphold'st Him with thy equal Law:
In Chair of Judgment, and in Council known
The firm support, and glory of His Throne!

NOTES, CORRECTIONS, &c.



NOTES, CORRECTIONS, &c.

IN THE

“ POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.”

In page 4, add to the Note, *The same Lord Buckhurst wrote the Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates, and the Complaint of Henrye Duke of Buckingham ; and some Sonnets, which are supposed to be lost.*

In page 7 read the Note thus, *The Memory of Sidney has been beautifully vindicated by Doctor Zouch, in his Memoirs, a work of equal profit and delight.*

IN THE APPENDIX.

Page 90. John Thurlow was son of Nicholas Thurlow, by his wife, Jane, daughter of — Ducker, son of Richard Thurlow, of Burnham Ulp, in Norfolk, (direct ancestor of Lord Thurlow,) who died in

1599, by his last wife, Cecelia, daughter of John Houghton of Gunthorpe, in Norfolk, and sister of Sir Robert Houghton, Knt, a Judge of the Common Pleas. He travelled in Europe, America, and Africa. In 1664, he had a grant of arms, commemorative of his travels, from Sir Edward Bysshe, Knight, Clarenceux; of which, as recorded in the Heralds' College, the following is a faithful copy.

GRANTS OF ARMS. MISC : p. 101.

To ALL AND SINGULAR to whome these presents shall come SIR EDW. BYSSHE Knight Clarenceux Principal Herald and King of Armes, of all the South East and West parts of the Realme of England from the River of Trent Southwards sendeth greeting

WHEREAS JOHN THURLOW, Lord of the Mannor of BURNHAM-OVERY, in the County of NORFOLKE, gent: (after his many travailes divers years together, into severall parts of Europe, America and Affrica; being now resolved to settle himselfe to serve (in his Generation his King and Countrey:) hath desired me to assigne unto him such Armes and Creast as he and his issue may Lawfully beare.

THEREFORE I have thought fitt to allow unto him the Armes hereafter mentioned Vizt. AZURE A JACOB'S-STAFFE IN A PALE OR, IN CHIEFE TWO STARRS OF THE SECOND, And for his Creast, on a Helmett and wreath of his Collours, AN ANCOR GULES THE GABLE OR. Mantled Gules, doubled Argent, as in the margent hereof is more lively depicted ALL WHICH Armes and Creast, I the said Clarenceulx King of Armes, by power, and authority of my Office to me granted under the great seale of England doe by these presents give and grant unto him the said JOHN THURLOW and to the severall descendants of his body Lawfully begotten. And that they and every of them may use and beare in Shield, Seale, Ensign, Penon, Coat armour, or otherwise at their Liberty and pleasure, observing their due differences according to the Law of Armes, and customes of this Nation forever.

In WITNESSE whereof I have hereunto fixed the seale of my Office: and subscribed my name.

Dated the nineteenth day of November Anno Domini 1664 the 16th year of the Reigne of King CHARLES the second.

The above John Thurlow was born on the twenty-fourth day of December, 1619; and died on the 23d of March, 1684; and was buried in the Church of Burnham Norton, in Norfolk. He married Lydia, daughter of William Doughty, of King's Lynn, Esq. widow of William Corbet, a younger Son of Thomas Corbet of Sprowston, in Norfolk, Esquire; and by her, who died on the 31st of May, 1676, and was buried in Burnham Norton Church, he had William Thurlow, and other Children, who all died before their father. He had also another Wife, Anne; whose family name is unknown: she was living in 1684, S. P. Thus dying without issue, he bequeathed his estate to his Cousin, Thomas Thurlow, Rector of Wortham, in Suffolk; grandfather of Edward, Lord Thurlow, created to that title by the grace and favour of His present Majesty, in 1778.

Page 94. Not having all my Papers with me, at the time of printing this little Volume, I have been fearful of transcribing from memory, the beautiful Copy of Verses, to which I have here alluded. But they are written by a Nobleman, who is dear

to every Muse: and I can only hope to redeem some part of the debt of honour, which they have imposed upon me, by perpetual labour, and the diligent study of the Poets, who have already obtained the approbation of great and exalted minds.

THE END,

Oct. 27th, 1813.

London: Printed by W. Bulmer and Co.
Cleveland Row, St. James's.



